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WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. present

BUGS BUNNY

BEAT IT, FUDD! THIS RABBIT CRITTER'S MINE!

OH, NO, HE ISN'T, SAM! I CAUGHT HIM FIRST!

TSK! TSK! FIGHTING LIKE A COUPLE OF KIDS! WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO SETTLE IT LIKE TRUE SPORTSMEN?

ALL RIGHT, FUDD! I'LL TOSS YOU TO SEE WHO GETS HIM!

OKAY, FUDD?

WIGHT!

TAILS! I WIN!

FLOOP!

FLOP!

COME ON, RABBIT... YOU'RE MINE!

AM I?

OOH... YOU!!

HE'S MINE!

HE'S MINE!

SAY, FELLERS... WHY DON'T YOU DIVIDE ME EQUALLY?

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

GOOD IDEA! WE'LL SPLIT HIM EQUALLY ON THIS LINE!

HUH?

THAT'S **YOUR** HALF UP THERE!

IT'S **YOUR** HALF YOU MEAN!

BOYS! MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION?

WHAT IS IT?

I'LL **HIDE** AND WHOEVER FINDS ME FIRST TAKES **ALL** OF ME!

SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH!

COUNT TO A HUNDRED... AND **DON'T PEEK!**

ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR... FIVE... SIX...

SAY, FUDD... THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THIS! ... WHY SHOULD WE COUNT TO A HUNDRED?

HMM! THAT'S WIGHT! FIFTY WOULD HAVE BEEN PLENTY!

NO! YOU DUMB OX! I MEAN, YOU LET **MY** RABBIT GET AWAY!

YOU LET **MY** WABBIT GET AWAY!

I'D BETTER PUT SOME MILEAGE BETWEEN ME AND THOSE CHARACTERS!

DEPOT

LOOK! THE CRITTER'S GETTING ON THE TRAIN!

MY WABBIT!

ALL ABOARD!

DEPOT

OFF! YOU BLASTED RABBIT THIEF!

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME, YOU CWOOK!

HAR! HAR! HAR!

AH! A HANDCAR!

NOW, I'LL HAVE THAT RABBIT ALL TO MYSELF! HEH! HEH!

OH-OH! HERE COMES SAM.... WITH FIRE IN HIS EYE AND BULLETS IN HIS GUN!

THIS CONDUCTOR'S HAT AND COAT WILL COME IN HANDY!

TICKET, PLEASE!

TICKET?... WELL, I...!!

THE RULING OF THIS RAILROAD IS THAT ANYONE CAUGHT WITHOUT A TICKET MUST EITHER GET OFF OR BE SHOT AT THE NEXT STOP!

SHOT?!

TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

GOOD-BYE NOW!

HELLO, SAM! GOING SOMEPLACE? HAR! HAR! HAR!

AH! A BROKEN BICYCLE! I DON'T LIKE TO GET SHOT AT THE NEXT STOP, BUT I CAN'T LET FUDD GET THAT RABBIT!

NEVER SAY DIE!!

WHOOSH!

I GUESS I'M FINALLY RID OF THE TWO OF THEM!

HEH! HEH!

AH-HA-A!

URKS!

SAY, FUDDY... DON'T SHOOT AND I'LL GIVE YOU MY MILLION-DOLLAR INVENTION!

YOU WILL?

OH, YEAH?... FIRST, TELL ME WHAT IT IS!

FROZEN BAND-AIDS FOR COLD CUTS! GOOD, EH?

SAY!... THAT IS A GOOD IDEA! I... HUH?

ZIP!

WHY, YOU...!!

EEPS!!

DIDJA MISS ME? HEH! HEH!

HA! HA!

OH! OH!

AND HEE! HEE!

HUH?!

GOOD! WE'RE GOING THROUGH A TUNNEL!

HEY!

GOT YOU, WABBIT!

I GOT HIM, TOO!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!

YEP! YOU GOT ME!

HA! HA!

I FOUND SOME DARK GOGGLES ON THE SEAT, SO I SLIPPED 'EM ON THEM WHILE WE WERE GOING THROUGH THE TUNNEL!

WHEN WE GET THROUGH THIS TUNNEL, WE'LL FIX YOU, WABBIT!

IT'S AN AWFULLY **LONG** TUNNEL!

I CAN SEE IN THE DARK BECAUSE I EAT LOTS OF CARROTS! WHERE CAN I TAKE YOU BOYS?

LET'S GO TO THE TRAIN COOK AND HAVE HIM STEW YOU!

OKAY! STRAIGHT AHEAD, FELLERS!

NO TWICKS NOW!

RIGHT THROUGH THE DINING CAR DOOR!

BEDROOM "A"

BEDROOM "C"

EEK! HELP! BURGLARS! HELP!

BEDROOM "C"

...AND STAY OUT!!

OW! WE'RE SORRY, LADY! WE MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE!

BOK!

OUCH!

IF IT WASN'T SO DARK, I'D PUNCH YOU IN THE NOSE FOR LETTING THE RABBIT OUTSMART US AGAIN!

ME?

WHY, IT WAS YOU WHO... OUCH!

?

POK!

OH! SNEAK UP BEHIND ME, EH, SAM?

HUH?

OW!

TAKE THAT, SAM!

POK!

TSK! TSK!

WHY, YOU...

SOCK!

BIFF!

BOP!

LOOK!... DARK GOGGLES!

GWACIOUS! IT WASN'T A LONG TUNNEL AFTER ALL!

OOH! THAT RABBIT!

YOU GO THAT WAY, AND I'LL GO THIS WAY! WE'LL SURROUND HIM!

WILL YOU PLAY WITH ME, O SIR?

SQUISH!

WHY, YOU LITTLE... ER... AH... LOOK, KID... I HAVEN'T GOT TIME!

UNLESS YOU PLAY WITH ME, I'LL TELL MY FATHER TO TIE YOU IN KNOTS! HE'S A WRESTLER AND I'M A SPOILED BRAT!

A WRESTLER? ...ER... AH... WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?

GOODY! LET'S PLAY AVALANCHE!

AVALANCHE? HOW DO YOU PLAY IT?

I'M UP ON THIS MOUNTAIN AND YOU'RE A NASTY, OLE INDIAN!

AND I THROW THESE ROCKS DOWN ON YOU!

CRASH!

THAT'S HOW YOU PLAY AVALANCHE! WOULD YOU CARE TO PLAY IT, O SIR?

NO...

SAM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HIS FATHER'S A WRESTLER!

YES! AND HE'LL TIE **YOU** INTO KNOTS UNLESS YOU PLAY WITH US, TOO!

OH, DEAR!

BETTER DO WHAT HE SAYS TILL WE CAN GET AWAY!

I WANNA PLAY COLLISION, O SIR!

COLLISION?

HOW DO YOU PLAY IT, SONNY?

YOU BEND DOWN LIKE SO, THEN RUN FULL SMACK INTO EACH OTHER, AND **BOOM!_ COLLISION!!**

I WON'T DO IT!

OH, PAW!

QUIET! WE'LL DO IT!

OH, I'M SPOILED REAL GOOD!

BLASTED KID!

KONK!

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WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY NEXT, O SIR?

EEGS!

ORK!

LET'S PLAY "FIND THE WABBIT"!

OH, GOODY!

SAY! THAT'S A GOOD GAME!

LOOK! THERE GOES THE RABBIT NOW!

WHERE?

IN HERE! WHEN I OPEN THE DOOR, YOU DIVE IN AND GRAB HIM!

LET ME AT HIM!

ME, TOO!

FWEEP!

Y'KNOW WHAT, FUDD? I THINK THAT WAS THE RABBIT ALL THE TIME!

YEAH! I'VE KIND OF LOST MY INTEREST IN WABBIT HUNTING!

LATER...

FROM NOW ON, I'M DOING ALL MY HUNTING IN THE NORTH POLE!

AND I'M DOING ALL MINE IN THE SOUTH POLE!

AND BELIEVE ME, THAT'S EASIER THAN TRYING TO DIVIDE A RABBIT!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

PRESENT

PORKY PIG

OH, BOY! THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! "PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT WANTED! MUST BE WILLING TO TRAVEL AND HAVE STRONG BACK! SEE CAP LENZ, 5440 EMULSION AVE!"

FINAL EDITION

CAP LENZ! HE'S THE FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "GLOM MAGAZINE! WHAT A BREAK!

HE TRAVELS **ALL OVER** TO TAKE PICTURES! GEE! I CAN SEE THE WORLD AND GET PAID FOR IT, TOO!

I HOPE THE JOB ISN'T TAKEN!

THROUGH THIS DOOR PASS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL NEGATIVES IN THE WORLD

STUDIO OF CAP LENZ WORLD'S GREATEST PHOTOGRAPHER

PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!

KNOCK BEFORE ENTERING

KNOCK! KNOCK!

COME IN!

MR. LENZ...?

IF YOU'RE A CUSTOMER, THE ANSWER IS **NO**! I'M TOO BUSY!

LET'S SEE! SHALL I SHOOT IT FROM **THIS** ANGLE?

I CAME TO APPLY FOR THE JOB OF ASSISTANT!

OR PERHAPS A DRAMATIC LOW ANGLE SHOT!

JOB? OH, YES!

OR MAYBE AN INTERESTING DOWN ANGLE?

HMM! GOOD!

I'M WILLING TO TRAVEL AND I THINK I HAVE A STRONG BACK!

SAY, BOY, HOW WOULD **YOU** PHOTOGRAPH THIS FLOWER?

WITH A **CAMERA**!

HA! AN ASSISTANT WITH A **SENSE OF HUMOR** ... IT'S ABSOLUTELY **ESSENTIAL** IF YOU'RE TO WORK FOR **ME**!

OH, THANK YOU, MR. LENZ!

GET YOUR EQUIPMENT FROM THE CLOSET! WE'RE GOING OUT ON AN ASSIGNMENT!

YES, SIR!

GOSH! THIS MUST BE THE WRONG CLOSET! ALL THAT'S IN HERE IS AN AXE, A CROWBAR, A ROPE, A BOX OF DYNAMITE, AND SOME OTHER TOOLS!

DYNAMITE

OF COURSE! THAT'S YOUR EQUIPMENT!

BUT HOW ABOUT LIGHT METERS AND FLASH GUNS AND TRIPODS AND SUCH?

CLICK!

BAH! I HAVE NO USE FOR SUCH JUNK! ALL THE GREAT LENZ NEEDS IS A PLAIN OLD BOX CAMERA!

GOSH!

LATER...

COME ALONG, BOY! THE SUN'S JUST RIGHT FOR THE SHOT I WANT!

YESSIR!

I STILL DON'T GET THE REASON FOR ALL THIS JUNK! WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH PHOTOGRAPHY?

AH! A PERFECT SHOT — EXCEPT FOR ONE MINOR DETAIL!

WHAT MINOR DETAIL, SIR?

THAT TREE! IT SPOILS THE SCENE! CHOP IT DOWN!

!

YOU SEE, THE GREAT LENZ DOESN'T SIMPLY PHOTOGRAPH NATURE... HE IMPROVES ON IT!

YESSIR!

TIMBER!

HMM! TOO BAD THE TREE HAD TO FALL IN THAT DIRECTION!

CRASH!

IT WOULD MAKE A MUCH BETTER PICTURE LYING ACROSS THAT GULLY! GET YOUR BLOCK AND TACKLE AND PULL IT ACROSS!

!

A BIT LATER...

OOF! UGH!

DOES THE SCENE LOOK BETTER NOW, SIR?

WELL...THERE'S STILL SOMETHING THAT BOTHERS ME!

I KNOW! IT'S THOSE ROCKS! THEY UPSET THE COMPOSITIONAL BALANCE!

THEY DO? OKAY! I'LL GET THE DYNAMITE!

WHICH DIRECTION DO YOU WANT THEM MOVED?

EXACTLY FORTY FEET TO THE RIGHT!

GOLLY! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING. BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

UH...DID YOU MEAN MY RIGHT OR YOUR RIGHT?

WHY, MY RIGHT, OF COURSE!

!

BOOM!

THAT WAY!

SO...

HURRY IT UP! THE LIGHT'S CHANGING!

I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT MORE DYNAMITE!

HOW DOES IT LOOK NOW?

THE COLOR OF THAT POND ISN'T RIGHT! THE LIGHT KEEPS CHANGING AS THE SUN MOVES!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO STOP THE SUN!

NO, BUT WE CAN CHANGE THE COLOR OF THE POND WITH THIS CONCENTRATED WATER COLOR!

WOW! IT SURE SPREADS FAST!

WHAT TH' SAM HILL..?

IS IT BLUE ENOUGH FOR YOU?

SO!

YEEEK! B-BLUE MEN!

LOOK, YOU! WHAT SORT OF CRUMMY GAG IS THIS?

I MAY LOSE HIM IF I CAN REACH THOSE TREES!

AH! A SCENIC MASTERPIECE!

CLICK!

WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, YOU LITTLE SCAMP!

WELL, THE B-BLUE MAN GAVE UP! IT'S SAFE TO GO HOME NOW!

LATER...

HOW DID THE PICTURE TURN OUT, MR. LENZ?

PICTURE? OH, YES! HA! HA! THE FUNNIEST THING HAPPENED!

YOU MEAN ABOUT THE BLUE MAN?

NO! FUNNIER THAN THAT! HA! HA!

THIS'LL KILL YOU! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

I FORGOT TO LOAD THE CAMERA! THERE WAS NOTHING IN IT!!

THERE IS NOW!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? WHY CAN'T I EVER FIND AN ASSISTANT WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR?

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. *present*

ELMER FUDD *and* Daffy

GOIN' SOMEWHERE, FUDDSY?

YES, DAFFY! THIS IS THE DAY I START MY ANNUAL BIRD WATCHING!

WHY, THERE'S NO NEED OF YOU TRAMPIN' ALL OVER JUST TO WATCH A BIRD! SIT DOWN AN' RELAX!

GET A LOAD OF ME! I'M A BIRD!

WOO! WOO!

NO!! YOU WON'T DO!

ALI OOP! NOW WATCH CLOSELY!

STOP! YOU SILLY DUCK, YOU!

I DON'T WANT TO WATCH YOUR CWAZY ANTICS!

YOU DON'T?

I AM GOING INTO THE FORWEST TO OBSERVE MY PWETTY FEATHERED FWIENDS!

HE CAN'T TREAT ME THIS WAY! I GOT **FEELIN'S!**

AH! HERE'S A WORM! I WILL TAKE IT TO WOBBIN WEDBWEAST!

HMM! I'LL PUT A CRIMP IN HIS BIRD WATCHIN'!

AH! I BELIEVE I HEAR HIS CHEERFUL LITTLE SONG NOW!

PS-ST! ROBBY!

THERE'S A PEEPIN' TOM ON TH' LOOSE.

HEAVENS TO BETSY!

HE'S SNOOPIN' AROUND---SPYIN' ON YOU BIRDS!

JUST LEAVE HIM TO ME!

HE'S AWOUND HERE SOMEWHERE!

THERE HE IS NOW.

HE'S TH' SNEAKY TYPE, ALL RIGHT!

TRYIN' TO BRIBE ME WITH A WORM, EH?

HUH?

THIS'LL TEACH HIM TO GO PRYIN' INTO MY PRIVATE AFFA RS!

THAT'S A STWANGE WAY FOR A WOBBIN TO ACT!

I SAW TH' SHABBY WAY THAT BIRD TREATED YOU.

BUT YOU CAN WATCH YOUR PAL DAFFY ALL YOU WANT! SEE?

WOO! WOO!

NO! I WEFUSE TO EVEN LOOK AT YOU!

I WILL WATCH THOSE CWOWS GATHER GWASS FOR THEIR NEST!

I'LL PUT A BEE IN THEIR BONNETS, TOO!

PS-ST! THERE'S A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER OVER THERE--WATCHIN' EVERY MOVE YOU MAKE!

I'LL PWETEND TO BE A TWEE!

MAYBE THEY WILL BUILD A NEST ON ONE OF MY BWANCHES!

SO HE WANTS TO WATCH US BUILD A NEST, HUH?

WELL, THERE'S ONE HE'LL NEVER FORGET.

GET OUTA THERE BEFORE SOME EAGLE STARTS HATCHIN' YOUR HEAD!

C'MON, ELMER! WATCH ME! I'M SILLY, BUT I'M WILLIN'!

NO!!

AH! THERE'S AN INTEWESTING LITTLE FELLOW!

I SEE A HAWK OVER THERE, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

HUH! HUH!

HEY, HAWKSHAW! THERE'S A STUPE OVER HERE THAT THINKS HE'S A CHAMPION WATCHER...

OH, YEAH?

NOBODY CAN WATCH LIKE A HAWK. I'LL PUT HIM IN HIS PLACE!

A WUSTY THWOATED HUMMINGBIRD! HOW THWILLING!

MUSCLE IN ON MY RACKET, WILL HE?

I'LL SHOW HIM WHO'S TH' HEAD WATCHER AROUND HERE!

A STWANGE SENSATION HAS COME OVER ME!

I'VE GOT HIM GOIN'!

I FEEL AS THOUGH I WAS BEING WATCHED.

I WAS WIGHT!

HEH! HEH! ELMER'S MET HIS MATCH!

STOP LOOKING AT ME, YOU CWAZY HAWK!

OH, TWYING TO STARE ME DOWN, HUH?

UH-OH! I CAN SEE THIS HAWK'S GOT HIS HANDS FULL!

I'LL STARE YOU WIGHT OFF THAT BWANCH!

GOOD THING I'VE GOT MY BIRD CALL WITH ME! THAT BUZZARD'S GONNA NEED HELP!

TWEET! BOB WHITE!

WARBLE!

CAW! CAW!

TWITTER!

CHIRD!

IT'S EMBARRASSING, BUT I THINK THIS GUY'S GOT ME LICKED!

HEY! FUDDSY!

HUWWAY! I WON!

LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THE NEXT CONTESTANTS!

MEET THE BIRDS-EYE PEOPLE WATCHERS SOCIETY OF AMERICA!

I MUST WUN FOR COVER!

WHO CAN WATCH HUNDWEDS OF BIRDS AT ONCE?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO, FRIEND!

AT LAST WE ARE ALONE!

I ASK YOU --- DID YOU EVER WATCH A MORE FASCINATIN' BIRD?

WOO! WOO!

OH, I GIVE UP!

BUCKAROO BUNNY

"Howdy, podner!"

Porky looked up from his gardening to see Bugs Bunny swaggering toward him.

"Bugs!" exclaimed Porky. "What are you doing in that costume?" For Bugs was grandly attired in high-heeled boots, a pair of wide, flaring chaps, and a big cowboy hat which kept slipping down over his eyes as he walked.

"Reckon you got the wrong handle, podner," Bugs drawled. "Name's Buck. Buckaroo Bunny — of the *Texas* Bunnies," he added.

"Texas?" Porky echoed. "You've never been any closer to Texas than a Western movie! Suppose you tell me what this is all about."

"Haven't you heard, Porky?" Bugs forgot his drawl in the excitement of the news he had to tell. "There's a big rodeo coming to town!"

"A rodeo! Gosh, that's swell!"

"Yup!" Bugs remembered the drawl again. "Figger to make myself a pile of money."

"How, Bugs?" Porky asked. "Selling tickets?"

"Ot course not!" Bugs snorted. "I'm gonna bust broncs! They're giving away some fine prizes."

Porky frowned. "I didn't know you could ride, Bugs."

"Ride?" Bugs expanded his chest. "Podner, you're looking at a rabbit who was born in the saddle!"

But Porky wasn't convinced. "The only horse I've ever seen you ride," he said, "was on the merry-go-round at the park."

"Well, maybe I haven't had much experience," Bugs admitted, "but all you have to do is hang on to the horse."

"I think there's more to it than that, Bugs," Porky said doubtfully.

But Bugs was lost in thought. "I wonder if I should take singing lessons," he pondered.

"Singing lessons?" Porky was completely bewildered.

"Sure! Buck Bunny, the Singing Cowboy. Maybe I'll even get a television program!"

Porky did not say anything more. He decided to wait and see what happened.

The day of the rodeo started with a bang — with many bangs, in fact, because the cowboys in the big parade kept firing their guns into the air. It was a great parade, with flags and banners, and a band playing as the cowboys rode their horses straight through the middle of town and out to the big field where the rodeo was to be held. Bugs didn't have a horse, but he marched right along with them, stumbling a little in his new high-heeled boots.

When they reached the field, Bugs walked around to the chutes where the horses were kept.

"Where'll I find these broncs you want busted?" he asked a man standing by the chutes.

The man pointed, and Bugs's eyes got big. "Have those animals been fed?" he inquired nervously. "They've sure got a hungry look!"

The man laughed, and Bugs gave him a weak smile. Then he took a look around him.

On one side of the arena was the judge's

stand; on the other, the grandstand. Bugs knew Porky was somewhere in the grandstand, but he couldn't see him.

The judge fired a gun, and the bronc-busting contest started. As Bugs waited for his turn, he saw one cowboy after another thrown from a bucking horse. "Maybe there's more to this than I thought," he murmured. Just then his name was called, and somehow he found himself astride a wild-eyed bronco.

"Nice horsie," Bugs said, and cautiously patted his mount.

The gun went off again, and Bugs's horse was released from the chute. The horse walked slowly into the arena and stood stock-still. Bugs's self-confidence returned. "All he needed was a little kindness," he decided. But at that moment the bronco leaped high and came down stiff-legged. Bugs sailed through the air and hit the ground.

"Bugs, are you all right?" Porky had left his seat to see about his friend.

"Oh, sure," Bugs said. "I always get off a horse that way."

Porky laughed. "Is that the way you ride in Texas?" he teased.

"That is *not* a Texas horse," Bugs stated. "But the day isn't over yet. You just stick around."

The calf-roping came next, and Bugs watched carefully. A calf was released from one chute, a cowboy and his horse from another. The object seemed to be for the cowboy to throw his rope over the calf, then get off his horse and tie the calf's legs together. It looked easy enough.

Bugs got another horse. This one seemed friendly, and when Bugs heard his name over the loud-speaker, he rode bravely from the chute and threw his rope at the calf. In a matter of seconds the rope was securely fastened. But somewhere along the line, something had gone wrong. It was his HORSE he had all tied up!

And so it went, the rest of the day. When Bugs tried the roping tricks, he got tangled up and fell down. When he entered the trick riding, even the horse laughed at him.

By the time the rodeo was over, Bugs was a bruised and battered rabbit. Porky came to help him from the arena.

"One moment, please!" the announcer bawled over the loud-speaker. "The judge has decided to award a special prize, for valiant effort — to Mr. Bugs Bunny!"

Bugs could hardly believe his ears.

"Will Mr. Bunny kindly step up to the judge's stand to receive his prize?"

Bugs limped over to the stand. There was a beautiful, shiny new bicycle.

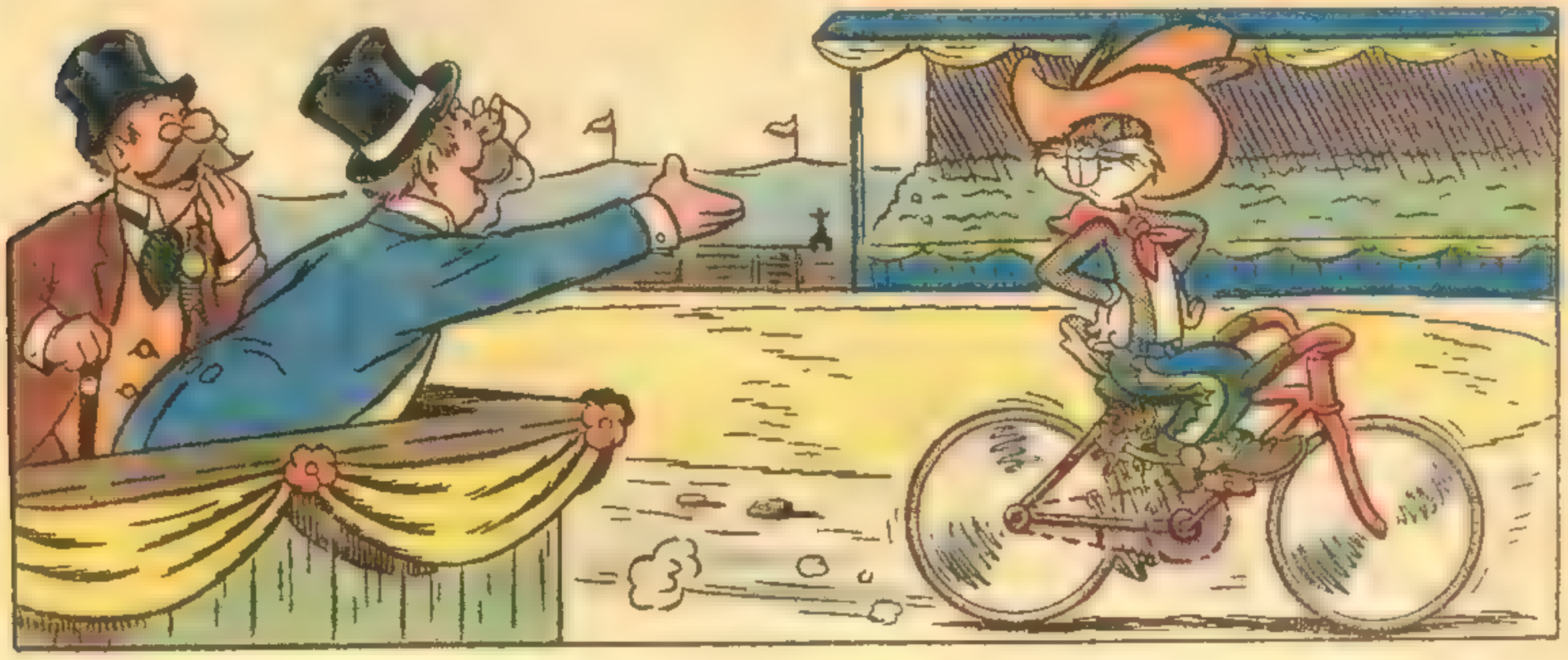
"We thought you might be able to stay on this," the judge grinned.

"I'm sure of that," Bugs smiled back. "Thank you very much." Then he got on the bike and rode around the arena, bowing as the crowd cheered and clapped.

But suddenly his front wheel struck a pebble, and again Bugs sprawled in the dust!

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Bugs," Porky came panting up to him. "You'd better WALK home and PUSH the bicycle!"

And that is exactly what Bugs did!



WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

PRESENT Mary Jane and SNIFFLES

GEE, SNIFFLES--I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO EXPLORE THIS LAKE!

YEAH! SAME HERE!

IF ONLY THERE WAS A BOAT WE COULD USE!

WE COULD BUILD A RAFT!

I KNOW! WE'LL SAIL OUT ON A THREE-MASTED FRIGATE!

HUH?

SURE! YOU KNOW THE THREE-MASTED FRIGATE MODEL IN THE LIVING ROOM?

YES, BUT- BUT- BUT-

YOU SOUND LIKE A MOTORBOAT!

HOW CAN ANYONE AS BIG AS YOU-

SA L ON ANYTHING AS SMALL AS THIS? --- WHY, I'LL MAKE MYSELF SMALL, OF COURSE!

OF COURSE!

BUT, MARY JANE, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT DRIVING FRIGATES!

YOU DON'T DRIVE IT- YOU SAIL IT!

I'LL BET HE WOULD KNOW ALL ABOUT SAILING SHIPS!

THAT GRUMPY PUSS FIGURINE?

BUT IT'S ONLY A FIGURINE! HE'S NOT FOR REAL!

WELL, HE COULD BE! --- YOU KNOW THE STRANGEST THINGS HAPPEN WHEN IM SMALL!

THERE. WE'RE ALMOST ALL SET!

NOW I SHUT MY EYES REAL TIGHT, THEN I WISH WITH ALL MY MIGHT, MAGIC WORDS OF POOF, POOF, PIFFLES, MAKE ME JUST AS SMALL AS SNIFFLES!

NOW I'M WONDERING IF HE'S COME TO LIFE?

AS ALIVE AS BARNACLE BILL EVER WAS, MY CHILD!

HOORAY! I KNEW IT WOULD WORK!

AH! NOW THERE'S A SHIP, OR MY NAME'S NOT HONEST EZRA HAWKINS!

I TOOK YOU WITH US BECAUSE I FIGURED YOU KNEW HOW TO SAIL THAT FRIGATE!

'TIS CHILD'S PLAY FOR A SEAFARIN' MAN LIKE ME!

THEN WILL YOU SAIL US AROUND THIS LAKE? WE'D LOVE TO EXPLORE IT!

THAT I WILL, CHILD- I'M YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT!

UP WITH THE SAILS, ME HEARTIES — AND WE'LL BE OFF!

HE SEEMS AWFULLY NICE, DOESN'T HE, SNIFFLES?

A LITTLE TOO NICE, IF YOU ASK ME!

LOOK! WE'RE QUITE A WAYS OUT ALREADY.

THAT WE ARE, MATES!

AND NOW - I'LL THANK YE TO ABANDON MY SHIP!

HUH? WHAT'S THE IDEA?

I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF OWNING A SHIP LIKE THIS! I'M TIRED OF STANDING ON LIVING ROOM TABLES!

YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A FIGURINE! MAKE YOURSELF BIG, MARY JANE, AND SHOW HIM HOW PUNY HE IS!

I CAN'T! IF I DO THAT, I'LL SINK THIS SHIP!

BOUNCIN' BARNACLES!! WHAT MONSTEROUS KIND OF A CRAFT IS THAT?!

IT'S A MOTORBOAT!

ITS WAKE IS LIKE A TIDAL WAVE! HELP!

I-I CAN'T SWIM! HELP!

GRAB THIS LIFELINE!

HANG ON, CAPTAIN, WE'LL TOW YOU IN!

NOW, DON'T YOU FEEL ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!---SHE SAVED YOUR LIFE!

THAT YOU DID, AND I'M GRATEFUL!

BUT I MUST ESCAPE! I CAN'T BEAR TO GO BACK TO THOSE LIVING ROOM TABLES WITH DAINTY DOODADS!

BUT WE'LL LET YOU ESCAPE AFTERWARDS!

YOU WILL! YOU PROMISE!? OH, THANK YE, MATES!...

A MAN LIKE ME SHOULD BE ON A BOAT AND NOT DECORATIN' --ULP!

WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, MARY JANE? THAT SEA GULL WILL EAT HIM ALIVE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO!-

- AND THAT'S TO WISH MYSELF BIG AGAIN!

AWK!

THERE! I'VE GOT YOU, CAPTAIN!

ALL THIS IS GOING TOO FAST FOR ME! I'M CONFUSED!

IT'S SIMPLE, SNIFFLES!

WHEN I'M SMALL, LIKE YOU, THE STRANGEST THINGS HAPPEN, BUT WHEN I'M MY REGULAR SIZE, THEY DON'T!

SO YOU FIGURED IF YOU WERE BIG, HE WOULD TURN INTO A FIGURINE AGAIN AND THE SEA GULL WOULD DROP HIM!

RIGHT!

BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW YOU COULD STAND UP OUT THERE?

I DIDN'T! I JUST TOOK A CHANCE!

LOOK AT H S FACE, MARY JANE! HE'S A **GRUMPY** PUSS AGAIN!

I THINK I CAN F.X THAT.

BEIN AN OLD SEAFARIN' CAPTAIN, HE BELONGS ON THE SHIP, INSTEAD OF ON THAT TABLE!

LOOK! HE'S SMILING!

LATER...

WELL, I DECLARE! IT LOOKS LIKE THERE ARE LITTLE TINY FOOTPRINTS ON THE DECK OF THIS MODEL I MADE!

BUT OF COURSE THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE** GRANDFATHER!

HENERY HAWK

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

NEVER FEAR, LADIES! I SAY, YOUR CHILDREN ARE SAFE AS LONG AS I'M ON THE JOB!

EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL, SO I THINK I'LL JUST TAKE A LITTLE NAP AND RELAX!

I MAY BE JUST A LITTLE CHICKEN HAWK, BUT I'M SURE BIG ENOUGH TO CATCH MYSELF A CHICKEN! YES, INDEEDY!

THERE'S A BIG CHICKEN NOW! NO USE GOIN' ANY FURTHER... I'LL JUST CART HIM OFF!

HEY... WHAT'S ..? I SAY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? I'M BEIN' CHICKEN-NAPED!

YOU'RE A CHICKEN... I'M A CHICKEN HAWK... I'M TAKIN' YA HOME TO EAT!

BUT, SON... I'M **TOO OLD** AND **TOUGH**! WHAT YOU WANT IS A NICE **TENDER** CHICKEN!

YEAH! YEAH! THAT'S WHAT I WANT!

WELL, THERE'S A REAL NICE ONE OVER THERE... BUT HE'S **DISGUISED** AS A **DOG**! GO GET HIM, SON!

NICE LITTLE GUY... BUT ABOUT AS SHARP AS A BILLIARD BALL!

ALL RIGHT, CHICKEN... ARE YA COMIN' QUIETLY, OR DO I HAVE TO MUSS YOU UP?

SPLAT!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE! I'M NO CHICKEN...I'M A DOG...BUT I'LL GET YOU A CHICKEN IF YOU'LL GET ME A BONE!

I DON'T SEE HOW GETTIN' HIM A BONE WILL GET ME A CHICKEN... BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE!

SAY, MOUSE... DO YOU KNOW WHERE I COULD FIND A BONE?

YEAH, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHERE IT IS, IF YOU'LL GET ME SOME CHEESE!

THIS IS GETTIN' MORE COMPLICATED BY THE MINUTE...EVERYBODY WANTS SOMETHING!

HEY, CAT! DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND SOME CHEESE?

SURE! AND I'LL TELL YOU WHERE. IF YOU CATCH ME A FISH!

LET'S SEE... IF I GET THE CAT A FISH, HE'LL GET ME SOME CHEESE, AN' THE MOUSE'LL GET ME A BONE, AN' DOG'LL GET ME A CHICKEN! GOSH!

NEXT TIME I THINK I'LL HUNT PORCUPINES!

I SAY, BOY... THAT'S NO WAY TO FISH!

GIMME THE POLE! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW A REAL FISHERMAN OPERATES! YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE THE KNOW-HOW ... THE SAVVY!

NOW, THIS IS THE WAY TO CAST... PAY CLOSE ATTENTION, BOY... AN' I'LL SHOW YOU THE RIGHT WAY TO FISH!

GOT A BITE ALREADY! WATCH CLOSELY! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAY HIM!

I SAY, BOY! I'M QUITE A FISHERMAN! I SURE AM!

I NEVER HEARD ANYBODY TALK SO MUCH... HE MUST HAVE SWALLOWED A PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE!

HEY! THE FISH PULLED YOU IN!

SPLASH!

WELL, I TOLD YOU I'D SHOW YOU HOW TO CATCH FISH!

HERE'S YOUR FISH! WHAT A BEAUTY! NOW, ANY TIME I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO DO SOMETHING JUST...

YEAH, YEAH... THANKS!

NOW I'LL TAKE THIS FISH TO THE CAT AN' HE'LL TELL ME WHERE TO GET THE CHEESE!

UMM-M-M... THANKS! IT LOOKS VERY YUMMY!

NOW WHERE CAN I GET THE CHEESE?

OH, YES... YOU'LL FIND IT IN A TRAP DOWN IN THE BARN!

GOSH... THIS IS AN AWFUL LOT OF WORK JUST TO GET A CHICKEN!

THERE IT IS ALL RIGHT! NOW TO GET THE CHEESE!

STAND BACK, BOY! THAT TRAP'S DANGEROUS UNLESS YOU KNOW HOW TO SPRING IT! THERE'S A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG WAY!

YEOW!

I GUESS THAT'S THE WRONG WAY!

WELL, ANYHOW, I GOT YOUR CHEESE FOR YOU! AND ANOTHER THING I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU...

YEAH, SURE... I KNOW... ER... THANKS!

I'LL TAKE THIS CHEESE TO THE MOUSE!

HERE'S YOUR CHEESE, MR. MOUSE! NOW WHERE DO I FIND THE BONE?

YOU'LL FIND A REAL NICE BONE BURIED JUST TEN STEPS PAST THE GATE OVER THERE!

TWO, THREE, FOUR...

I GUESS THIS IS THE SPOT! NOW TO DIG UP THE BONE!

HEY, BOY! LOOK AT ME WHEN I'M TALKIN' TO YOU-- I SAY, THAT SHOVEL IS TOO BIG FOR YOU! BETTER LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND!

WHAT'RE YOU DIGGIN' FOR, SON... GOLD?

IF IT'S GOLD YOU'RE AFTER, I CAN HELP A LOT! WHY, I USED TO BE A GOLD PROSPECTOR IN THE SPRING OF... HEY! WHAT DID I HIT?

CLANK!

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT? EVERY TIME YOU DIG A HOLE... YOU HIT A BONE!

WE'LL JUST THROW IT AWAY AND GET ON WITH TH' DIGGIN'! NOW WHERE DID THAT BOY GO?

I HATE TO LISTEN TO ALL THAT GAB... BUT AFTER 'ALL, HE DID GET ME THE BONE!

HERE'S YOUR BONE, DOG! NOW, WHERE DO I GET MY CHICKEN?

YOU JUST FOLLOW ME... I'LL GET YOU A CHICKEN!

WE'LL STOP RIGHT HERE BY THIS STUMP!

I DON'T SEE ANY CHICKEN!

DON'T BE SO IMPATIENT! FIRST, WE'LL PLAY A GAME!

NOW WE'LL BLINDFOLD YOU!

NEXT, YOU TAKE THIS BONE AND HOLD IT LIKE A BASEBALL BAT!

WHEN I COUNT THREE, SWING IT LIKE YOU WERE GOIN' TO HIT A HOME RUN!

READY?... AH... ONE!

AH..... TWO!

HEY, DAWG!

LISTEN, DAWG! LEMME GET IN ON THIS GAME... I KNOW I'LL GET A WALLOP OUT OF IT!

AH...

THREE...

BONG!

WELL, WHAT TO DO YOU KNOW! HE'S OUT COLD!

WELL, ARE YOU SATISFIED? I TOLD YOU I'D GET YOU A CHICKEN!

YEAH... BUT THIS WINDBAG IS TOO OLD AND TOO TOUGH TO EAT!

HEY... WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? WHO SOCKED ME ON THE NOGGIN? I DEMAND TO KNOW WHO...

BONG!

HE MAY BE TOO OLD AND TOUGH FOR ME TO EAT...

BUT I SURE FOUND A WAY TO KEEP HIM QUIET!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

Present

TWEETY and Sylvester

ALI-KAZOOTZ! YOU ARE NOW A CAT!

MEOW!

GAZO THE GREAT

AND YOU ARE A TWEETY BIRD! KAZAM!

TWEET!

TWEET! TWEET!

NOW, YOU CHANGE PLACES!

MEOW!

LOOK, PUSSYCAT! A DELICIOUS TWEETY BIRD IN THE CAGE!

TWEET! TWEET!

SUFFERIN' SUCCOTASH! AM I HUNGRY! GRR-R-R-R!

OOH! I TAWT I TAW A PUDDY TAT!

I DID TAW A PUDDY TAT!

WHAT ELSE? HEH! HEH!

OOH! I'M FWIGHTENED! I FLY AWAY!

HA! GOT'CHA, YOU LITTLE FEATHER DUSTER!

I'LL SWALLOW YOU IN ONE GULP!

OH, PLEASE DON'T, PUDDY TAT!

FIRST, I'LL TENDERIZE YOU A BIT!

SLAM!

SLAM!

SLAM!

I NOW COMMAND YOU TO RETURN TO YOUR ORIGINAL PERSONALITIES! KAZOOLY!

HUH?... I FEEL JUST LIKE SOMEONE'S BEEN SLAMMING ME TO THE FLOOR!

HUH?

THANKS FOR LETTING ME HYPNOTIZE YOU! HERE'S A FISH FOR YOU AND BIRDSEED FOR YOU!

OH! A HYPNOTIZER, EH?

I'LL SHOW YOU AN ACT THAT IS AN ACT!

OOH!

SPLAT!

I CALL IT MY BIRD-DISAPPEARING ACT!

DRESSING ROOMS

AHA!

DRESSING ROOMS

ZIP!

FINK'S TRAINED DOGS

SLAM!

BIFF!

BAM!

BANG!

OW!

OUCH!

FINK'S TRAINED DOGS

OUCH!

OOH!

HE'S BETTER THAN A BARREL, EH, HAROLD?

YES, INDEEDY, CUMPSTON!

DO CALL AGAIN!

CRASH!

OOH!

PLOOP!

OOF!

BOX OFFICE

TODAY

GAZO THE GREAT

I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH MONEY FOR A SEAT IN THE SECOND BALCONY!

SECOND BALCONY

ONLY THREE MORE FLOORS AND I'LL BE UP THERE!

HELLO, PUDDY TAT! WHAT'RE YOU DOING UP HERE?

HUH?

OH!... ER... AH... JUST CAME UP TO SEE THE SHOW! WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN ME?

OH, I'D WOVE TO!

WHEN I COUNT TO THREE, I'LL FOLD THE SEAT UP AND SMASH THE LITTLE DICKENS!... ONE... TWO...

OOH! LOOK AT THE ACWOBATS!

THREE!!

OOPS!

SLAM!

HUH?!

YOW!! MY FOOT! IT'S CAUGHT IN THE SEAT!

THERE, SIR! YOUR FOOT'S LOOSE NOW! HEH! HEH!

WHY, YOU...!!

POK!

PLOOP!

ANYTHING WRONG, SIR?

OH, NOT AT ALL! I ALWAYS GO AROUND WITH A CAT ON MY HEAD!

KEEP OUT OF OUR FIRST-RATE THEATER, YOU TRAMP!

BIJOU THEATRE

THE SHOW IS OVER, PUDDY TAT!

GEEKS!

YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF ALL MY TROUBLE! OH! HOW I WISH I DIDN'T CRAVE TWEETY BIRDS!

?

GAZO, THE HYPNOTIST! PLEASE FIX IT SO I WON'T CRAVE TWEETY BIRDS ANY MORE!

WELL, OKAY!

OH! POOR PUDDY TAT!

YOU ARE NO LONGER A CAT! YOU ARE NOW A KANGAROO!! KAZATZ!!

!

GOOD-BYE! I'LL WRITE TO YOU FROM AUSTRALIA!

I'M GOING TO MISS THAT PUDDY TAT!

HOP!

HOP!

HOP!

Warner Bros. Cartoons, Inc. PRESENT

Little PANCHO VANILLA

PANCHO! HOW CAN YOU STAND THERE WHITTLING WHEN OUR WATCHDOG HAS ESCAPE?

WHO EES TO PROTECT US FROM FIERCE BANDIDOS... WILD BOOLS... AND...

PAPACITO, LISTEN TO ME!

I HAVE WHITTLED A WHISTLE TO CALL OUR WATCHDOG WEETH!

A WHISTLE?

A WHISTLE! OF COURSE! HO, HO! I WEEL CALL THE WATCHDOG MYSELF!

¡PANT! ¡PANT! WHAT KIND OF WHISTLE IS THEES? I HEAR NOTHING!

THAT EES BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT A DOG, PAPACITO!

THEES WHISTLE CAN BE HEARD ONLY BY DOGS... I THEENK!

SO THAT EES IT!

COME, PANCHO! WE WEEL TEST THIS WHISTLE FROM THE TOP OF LOOKOUT MESA!

GOOD! OUR WATCHDOG WILL HEAR IT IF HE EES ANY-PLACE AROUND!

KEEP BLOWING, PANCHO! I HEAR SOMETHEENG SCRAMBLING UP HERE THROUGH THE CACTUS!

DOGGONE THEES CACTUS!

EH? A TALKING DOG?

WHO ARE YOU CALLING A DOG?

Y!-!-! ! SEÑOR RANCHERO!

SÍ! IT IS ME! AND I DO NOT KNOW WHAT POSSESSES THESE HORSES! NEVER BEFORE HAVE THEY TRIED MOUNTAIN CLIMBING!

OH, FOR MY GOODNESS' SAKES!

ARE YOU SURE YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WEETH THIS, SEÑOR VANILLA?

HOW WOULD I? WE ARE MERELY WHISTLING FOR OUR LOST DOGGIE!

COME, PANCHO... WE WEEL WHISTLE ELSEWHERE!

WAIT! HOW AM I TO GET MY HORSES AND WAGON DOWN FROM HERE?

SEÑOR, IF YOUR HORSES CAN CLIMB UP THEY CAN ALSO CLIMB DOWN!

NOW, PANCHO, WHISTLE FOR OUR WATCHDOG AGAIN!

VERY WELL, PAPACITO!

HA! ALREADY I SEE A CLOUD OF DUST ON THE HORIZON! EET *MUST* BE OUR DOG!

BUT, WAIT! THEES LOOKS MORE LIKE A *HORSE* TYPE OF DOG!

AND AT THIS SAME MOMENT, ON TOP LOOKOUT MESA...

YI-I-I! THESE LOCO HORSES HAVE DECIDED TO GO DOWN VERY SUDDENLY!

CARAMBA! THEES IS WHEN WE REALLY NEED OUR WATCHDOG! LOOK WHO EES COMING!

CHAVEZ RAWNE, THE BANDIDO!

STEECK 'EM UP, SEÑORES

¡GULP! WE ARE STUCK UP... DON'T SHOOT!

EET IS STRANGE THAT MY HORSE CAME THEES WAY, BUT I HAVE ESCAPED THE POSSE, SO I HAVE TIME TO ROB YOU!

HM-M... FIRST, THE RANCHERO'S HORSES AND NOW THEES ONE! I WONDER IF I HAVE ACCIDENTALLY MADE A *HORSE* WHISTLE INSTEAD OF A *DOG* WHISTLE?

WHOA!

WHO BEES COMING?

BY GOLLY TAMALES! EET IS THE *RICH RANCHERO* AGAIN!

THE *REECH* RANCHERO?

WHEW! WHAT A TERRIBLE RIDE EET IS TO RIDE DOWN LOOKOUT MESA EEN A WAGON! ¡GULP!... *CHAVEZ RAVINE!*

HO! HO! STEECK 'EM UP, MONEY BAGS!

NOW I AM SURE THEES IS A HORSE WHISTLE!

HEY, WHAT EES THAT LITTLE KEED DOING?

HE EES CALLING HIS DOG, SEÑOR BANDIDO!

HO! HO! WHAT A DUMB ONE *HE IS...* THE WHISTLE EES *BROKE!* *HAW! HAW!*

HO, HO, HO!... ULP!

BANG!

SURRENDER, CHAVEZ RAVINE... WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED!

GULP! THE POSSE! HOW DEED YOU FIND ME HERE?

THE POSSE CAME HERE BECAUSE THEIR HORSES HEARD MY HORSE WHISTLE, WHICH ONLY HORSES CAN HEAR!

THAT EVENING...

HO, HOM... THE BANDIDO EES IN JAIL, AND THE RANCHERO HAS OFFERED ME A FINE JOB BECAUSE WE SAVED HIM FROM BEING ROBBED...

YI-I-I! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, LEETLE PANCHO?

I AM TRYING TO WHITTLE ANOTHER DOG WHISTLE, PAPACITO!

NO! ABSOLUTELY NO MORE OF THOSE SILENT WHISTLES!

BUT, PAPACITO, OUR WATCHDOG EES STILL GONE!

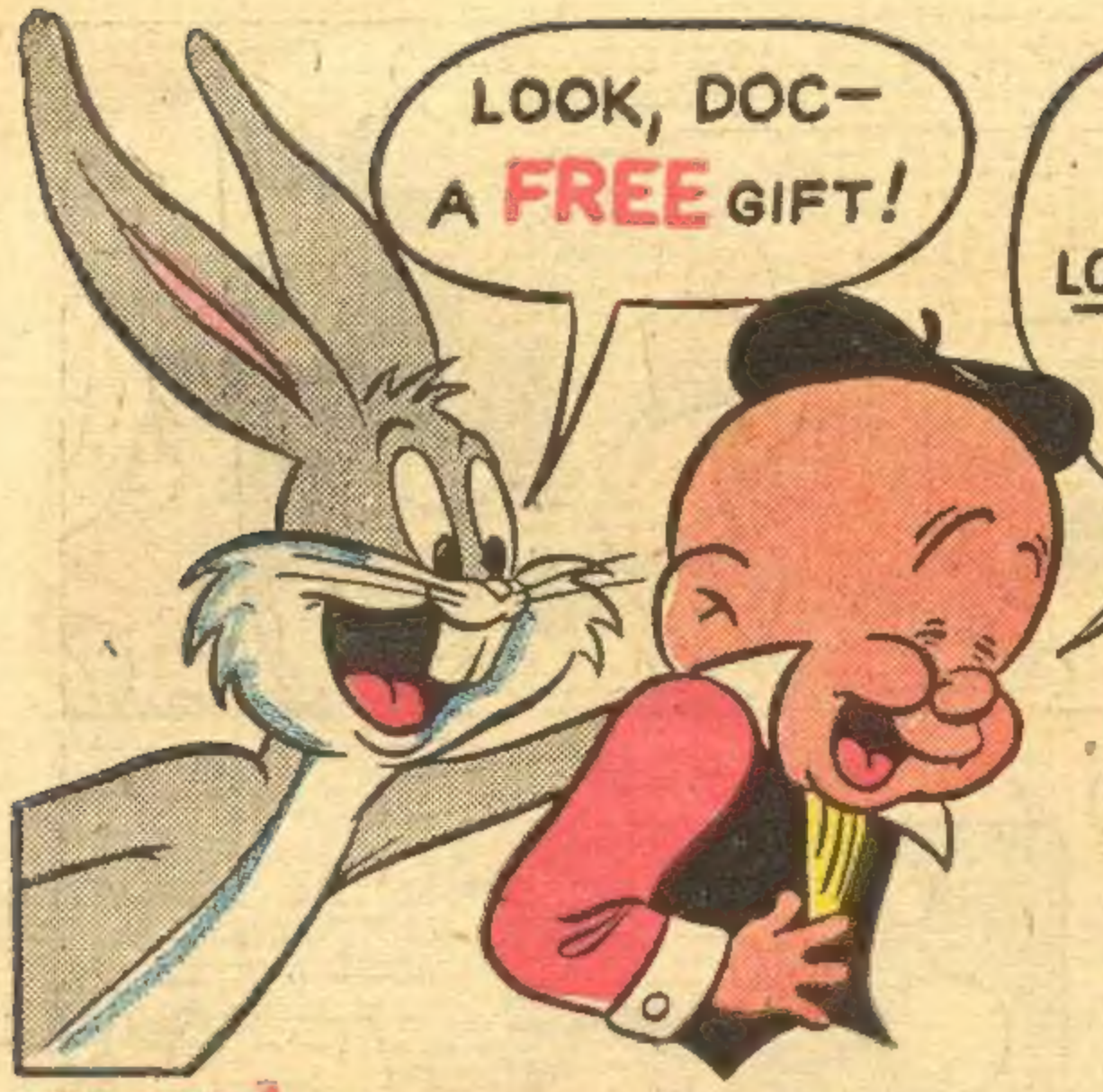
SEÑOR DOG

DON'T WORRY! I WEEL TAKE CARE OF THAT!

I WEEL BE THE WATCHDOG MYSELF!

?

SEÑOR DOG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